As burning feauers, agues pale, and faint,
Life-poysoning pestilence, and frendzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickneſſe whoſe attaint,
Disorder breeds by heating of the bloud,
Surfets, impoſtumes, griefe, & damnd deſpaire,
Sweare natures death, for framing thee ſo faire.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder,
Both fauor, ſauor, hew and qualities,
Whereat th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thawd, and done,
As mountaine ſnow melts with the midday ſunne.

Therefore deſpight of fruitleſſe chaſtitie,
Loue-lacking veſtals, and ſelfe-louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcitie,
And barren dearth of daughters, and of ſons;
Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oile, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie but a ſwalowing graue
Seeming to burie that poſteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt haue,
If thou deſtroy them not in darke obſcuritie?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdaine,
Sith in thy pride, ſo faire a hope is ſlaine.

So

So in thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe art made away,
A miſchiefe worſe then ciuill home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs whoſe deſperat hands themſelues to ſlay,
Or butcher ſire, that reaues his ſonne of life:
Foule cankring ruſt, the hidden treaſure frets,
But gold that's put to vſe more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth *Adon*) you will fall againe,
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
The kiſſe I gaue you is beſtow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you ſtriue againſt the ſtreame,
For by this black-fac't night, deſires foule nourſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you, worſe and worſe.

If loue haue lent you twentie thouſand tongs,
And euerie tongue more mouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Marmaids ſongs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
For know my heart ſtands armed in mine eare,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there.

Leſt the deceiuing harmonie ſhould ronne,
Into the quiet cloſure of my breſt,
And then my litle heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of reſt,
No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.